

The **Evening World**

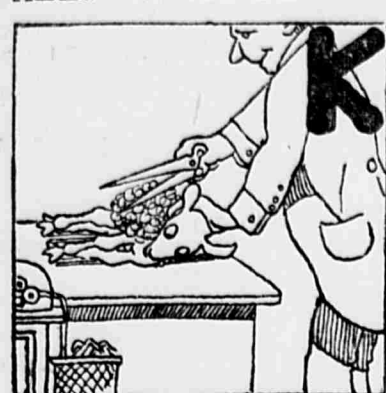
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KEEP AWAY! BEWARE! DON'T BE FLEECE!



KEEP out of Wall Street!

Prices are high and all lambs are requested to come and be shorn.

In reply to any alluring circulars or tips from brokers' touts or advice from get-rich-quick friends, ask them to show you the prices at which stocks were selling a year ago and the prices at which they are selling now. Then inquire why you

and the rest of the outside public should always buy when prices are high and should always sell when prices are low.

That is what feeds the Wall Street gambling game.

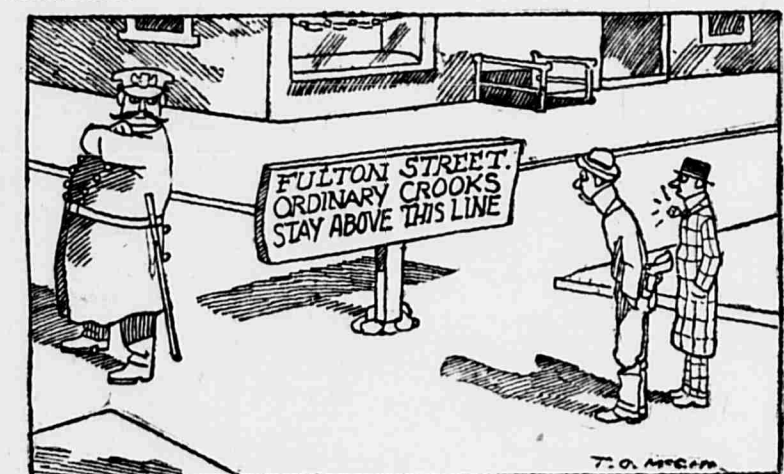
The next time Wall Street lambs are shorn they will be entitled to as little sympathy as the purchaser of a gold brick or green goods or the man who thought he was a wire tapper's partner.

About this time last year the biggest Wall Street gamblers were loading up with stocks at low prices. The Wall Street banks were cutting off the legitimate discounts of manufacturers and merchants and increasing their stock collateral loans. Everything was cheap, and according to Wall Street news it was going to be cheaper, so that the lambs who owned any stock were encouraged to sell.

Now the reverse process is being worked. Prices have been marked up as much as 80 or 100 per cent. With all that the lambs are notified that prices are going higher. Prices may go higher. They will also go lower. This editorial is not a tip for anybody to speculate in stocks one way or the other. It is a warning, not a tip.

How the ticker quotations of stocks can be fixed the testimony in the Morse case showed. And Morse was only a second-rater. He was an amateur compared with Harriman and Ryan.

If Morse could mark up the Ice Trust stock to about 90, to what price, either up or down, can Harriman mark U. P. and Ryan mark Inter-Met?



In Inspector Byrnes's time, years ago, he made a rule that no ordinary thieves should be allowed south of Fulton street. That rule is not necessary in Wall Street except for the protection of the ordinary thieves.

The best thing for a man to do with his savings—and every man should save something—is to put part in a low-price, long-term life insurance policy and the rest in a savings bank. If he is in business he had better keep his money there so far as the volume of the business he does demands. If his occupation is fixed so that he can look far ahead he should buy his own home as soon as possible.

Consider for a moment how many other people's homes are represented in the automobiles, the yachts, the lobster suppers and the champagne which Wall Street enjoys and the lambs pay for.

The writers of letters to this paper denying the statement that the most profitable horse for the farmer to raise is the truck horse should compare the prices at which thoroughbred horses are being sold this week at Madison Square Garden with the prices which truck horses bring every day at the Twenty-fourth street sales.

Letters From the People

Pigs on Broadway!

To the Editor of The Evening World: I read somewhere that when the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.) visited New York City in 1899 his carriage's progress down Broadway was more than once obstructed by pigs that were rooting in the ill-paved streets. This seems to me impossible. But I asked an old gentleman, and he said, to the best of his recollection, such an occurrence was quite possible at that time. Desiring clearer information, I now write to ask the more elderly of your readers if they have any memory of New York in those times and if pigs really strayed at large in the streets. Naturally, I don't refer to "pigs sent home," "bridge street pigs," etc. M. A. L.

Automobile Accidents.

To the Editor of The Evening World: To safeguard the public against automobile accidents, when using the crosswalks of our city, it has often occurred to me that if the opportunities for escape of motorists after accidents have happened were lessened it would make accidents by careless drivers less frequent. Why allow the use of small and indistinct sign numbers which are carried near the ground, often covered by dust and unlabeled at night? The numbers should be at least as large as the figures on tailboards of trolley cars and

placed straight across the rear of the automobile, uncovered, and lighted at night, so that a number could be plainly seen and read at all times for at least a block. One of these days I believe some judge will rule that it is not necessary for a pedestrian using a crosswalk to jump for his life in order not to be guilty of contributory negligence. W. C. HARDIE

East Broadway and Market Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where was the American spy, Nathan Hale, hanged? Was it where City Hall stands or "as it further north about at Thirty-sixth street and Second avenue, or where? JOHN MCABE

"Gumption."

To the Editor of The Evening World: I was interested and amused at or with the definition of "gumption." Years ago at a Methodist conference in Newburg, N. Y., the word was used in reference to a young preacher. His labors were not blessed and the reason given was "he had no gumption." The critic was asked what he meant by the word gumption. He could not reply and the question was put to many other preachers of larger and longer experience. All failed. Then old Elder Biss arose and said: "This a compound word composed of 'gump' and 'tion' (gumption should be 'Shun a gump!'). H. C.

The Call of the Carcase.

By M. De Zayas



There's No Place Like Home, Sweet Home! But Henpecked Mr. Jarr, After Careful Search, Discovers Several Excellent Substitutes

By Roy L. McCardell.

"F"OR goodness' sake get out of my light!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "How can I do this mending if I can't see? It's bad enough on the eyes sewing on dark clothes for those children, who just wear out every single thing you get them—and goodness knows, I wish I was like Mrs. Stryver, who doesn't need to mend and mend for her children!"

"That's because she hasn't any," said Mr. Jarr quietly.

"Well, it would be all the same if she had," said Mrs. Jarr. "She has a good time if any of her clothes need mending she just gives them to her maid!"

"To mend?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No, not to mend!" replied Mrs. Jarr sharply. "and if you are only staying home this evening to fret and annoy me, I wish you'd go out!"

"Do go on!" cried Mr. Jarr, his indignation rising. "You quarrel and row with me if I don't come home, and when I do you chase me out!"

"Oh, don't say that!" said Mrs. Jarr bitterly. "You only wanted an excuse and I can see it! A man like you should have never married. All you care for is to go to your Gus's, to hang around that awful Dutchman's saloon with your cronies!"

"I haven't been in Gus's for a week—at night!" corrected Mr. Jarr. "A man ought to have some fun!"

"But a woman shouldn't," snapped Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, don't say a word," she added, seeing Mr. Jarr wasn't going to say anything. "But so and so as you have been doing. You'll be sorry some day, but then it will be too late!"

"Do as I have been doing!" replied Mr. Jarr hotly. "What have I been doing? I'll tell you what! I've been behaving myself! I've been making a good living for you and my children! I've been home every night! I have never come in this house with a frown on a cross word! That's what I've been doing!"

"I suppose that means that I don't work just as hard as you do and harder?" replied Mrs. Jarr wrathfully. "Or that I don't love my children? I do not come in the house with scowls, either. Because why? Because I never get out of the house! I never get a chance to stick my nose out of doors! And I haven't any decent clothes to wear if I did! But you can come and go when you please, and all you do is to pick quarrels with me as an excuse to fling yourself out of the house and go night after night to your old Gus's!"

"Haven't I been working every night for the past ten nights, on the books, as well as all day long? Haven't I?" asked Mr. Jarr.



ROY L. MCCARDELL

"You say you have!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, I'll stand no more!" shouted Mr. Jarr. "I'm going out—and you'll see!" And he was gone.

"If a man wants to go out there's no use trying to keep him in by pleasant words," said Mrs. Jarr as she heard the lower door slam. "Goodness knows I try!"

The further adventures of Mr. Jarr are a blur to him. He remembers going into Gus's and surprising that genial host by treating all present and gulping down the liquidus Gus purveys until that alarmed boniface refused to serve him more.

He remembered the Bovey, Chingtown, Eighth avenue, but it was only as a blur. He remembered indistinctly shaking hands with a man who had a broken nose, who wore no shirt collar or cravat, and of giving this person his name and address and inviting him warmly to come up to the flat and meet his wife, take dinner and hear his little girl play the piano. He remembered coming home with his pockets full of fried pork chops, very cold and very greasy.

"Well, here you are!" he said as he turned up the light, and Mrs. Jarr sat up in bed looking at him mildly.

"Here you are! Go ahead, roast mull! Tell me up a dog if it's any sizzzz-fazzzzzz to you!" Here he threw the pork chops at the mirror.

"Oh, come on to bed, you silly thing!" said Mrs. Jarr most mildly. "What made you run out of the house when I never said a word to you?"

Mr. Jarr snorted, but didn't reply. He was fast asleep in a chair.

"Poor boy," said Mrs. Jarr. "I must get him to bed. It's a shame the way they work him at that old office!" And then she tenderly ministered to him.

The City of Noise and Flies.

LILLIAN C. GILPIN, who wheeled her baby carriage through the greater portion of the North African littoral, contributes to Harper's Weekly a picturesque description of Alexandria. Noise is the predominant characteristic of this city, she says. There is the street vender announcing his wares in a chant sung in a strange, shrilly voice, and working up from a low wall to a hideous howl. The water carriers contribute their quota of noise; they do not howl quite so often, but clang together pairs of copper saucers. Cucumbers, apricots, dates, lemons are cried in the streets till the small hours of the morning. "Tamtams, bangles, the jangle of bells, hands clapping in cadence, the hysterical shrieks of angry females, the distressing yells of more or less ill-treated youngsters, and, added to these, the weird litanies of the skinniest tribe of cats I have ever known—such is the Egyptian lullaby."

It Happened in Kidland

By J. K. Bryans



"You young scamp! I've caught you smoking my cigars!"

"Yes, pa—er—er—you see I heard ma say that you were smokin' yourself to death and er—I'm tryin' to save your life!"

"Good! Now I want have to rput any stamps on de letters I send you!"

The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 1—SAINT-SAENS'S "SAMSON AND DELILAH."

ATHROUG of weeping Hebrews filled the public square of Palestine's great city, Gaza. They were waiting for the lost glory of Israel and praying to Jehovah to lift from them the cruel yoke of their heathen Philistine masters.

Through the lamentations rang the clear voice of Samson, Ma-jorah's son, the young Hebrew giant, bidding his people to hope and to call upon Jehovah for strength to cast off their bondage. Samson's appeal was drowned in a flourish of trumpets, Abimelech, the Philistine Governor of Gaza, entered the square, followed by his men-at-arms. The Governor bade the mob disperse, telling them Jehovah was no longer mighty to aid them and that the Philistines' god, Dagon, alone was powerful. Samson, in horror, at such blasphemy, implored the Israelites to rise against their heathen masters.

Abimelech hurled himself upon Samson, sword in hand. Samson tore the weapon from his grasp and with one blow laid the Governor dead at his feet. Then, at the head of the cheering Hebrews, Samson swept the city free of Philistines and took possession of Gaza in the name of the Most High. As the victors gathered in the square to celebrate their triumph the doors of the temple of Dagon were flung open.

Delilah, beautiful priestess of the heathen god, danced forth, followed by a train of Philistine girls. Around Samson she danced, showering on him every alluring blandishment and whispering him to follow to her home in the vale of Sorek. The Israelites cried out in horror and bade Samson turn his eyes from her beauty. But the young conqueror scarce heard them. He was enraptured, enraptured by the loveliness of the dancing priestess. . . .

Delilah waited long at her Sorek villa for Samson's arrival. Tidings were one day borne to her by the High Priest of Dagon that the young Israelite was driving the Philistines like chaff before him and was freeing Palestine from their rule. Delilah readily promised to aid in the High Priest's plan for capturing him. Night was closing in. Thunder rolled in the distance.

Scarce had the priest departed when Samson, torn by conscience, yet scourged forward by infatuation, appeared before the villa. He had come to bid Delilah a last farewell before devoting his whole life to the service of his people and of Jehovah. But at Delilah's ardent greeting and her confession of love his good resolve faded. He consented weakly to her plea that he tell her the secret of his victorious power. Then—his strength, his holy mission all forgotten—he fell easy prey to the band of Philistine soldiers that had silently crept upon him through the gathering darkness. . . .

Samson, his eyes put out, his head shorn, tumbled at a mill in a Philistine prison. About him, from every side, swelled the groans of captive Hebrews whose trust and whose country he had betrayed. Crushed, heartbroken, praying to Jehovah for forgiveness, the blinded giant worked on. Suddenly guards entered to bear him to the temple of Dagon. The Philistines were holding a revel there in honor of their victory. To increase the triumph they demanded that their fallen conqueror be dragged before them.

Accordingly, Samson was led in. Amid the jeers of the Philistines Delilah mocked him with his fatal love and boasted of her conquest. The High Priest, too, sneered at the downfall of Jehovah's chosen people, ironically bidding Samson call now upon the God he had betrayed. To the taunts of his foes Samson paid no heed. With bowed head he was praying to Jehovah to pardon his offense and to save Israel. At length the High Priest commanded him, as a crowning humiliation, to offer up a sacrifice to Dagon, and bid the blind giant led out between the two huge central pillars which supported the roof of the temple, that all might see this final degradation.

Samson, with a last wild prayer for vengeance upon his foes, seized the pillars. Jehovah miraculously restored the captive's former strength. With a mighty effort Samson burst the pillars asunder. Amid the shrieks of the revelers the roof of the temple crashed in, burying victors and victim in one utter destruction.



By Martin Green.

Winter's Warning.

THROUGH the golden haze of autumn the Winter's outposts creep:

Stealthily, steadily, day by day, an icy herald sweeps over lakes and hills and valleys, down to the smiling sea. Sounding a warning, clear and sharp, of things that have to be.

Of the long, slow weeks of shadow, when clouds shall wrap the town in dripping garments of snow and fog, all white, or dark, or brown. When the hard reign of discomfort shall hold relentless sway. Taking a tribute of health and lives—a tax mankind must pay.

So came the Winter's warning; and who has given heed? Oululent, rich and well-to-do—they all have what they need. But the hopeless poor, God help them, on whom the brunt will fall.

Facing the chill of Nature's frown, are not prepared at all.

The Manhattan Primer.

OH, see the High-brow. He is entering a gun store. Let us watch his method of procedure. Observe him spending money like a drunk-en sailor. Now his money is all gone and he is trying to trade a li-bra-ry for satchel full of dynamite cart-ridges. He does not appear to be en-tire-ly fami-lar with the use of weap-ons. Nor is he.

An the con-tra-ry, the dead-li-est weapon he ever hand-led was a sy-rlin full of roach ex-ter-mi-na-tor. He wears eye-glasses and his chest meas-ure-ment is thirty-three and or half in-ches.

The size of his col-lar is four-teen, but he wears a large hat. His main phys-ical ex-er-cise is put-ting on and tak-ing off his clothes. He knows Greek, Lat-in, Sans-crit and all the live lan-guages, and cu-lud-dy ex-plain just how na-ture par-layed a chin-pan-see in to an A-don-is. In lit-er-ary circles he is con-sid-ered a head-in-er among the er-u-dite.

He has writ-ten six vol-umes up-on the stren-u-ous-ly of the bat-ter-ly a the pawn-bro-king in-stincts of the bee.

When he writes his name, fol-low-ed by the de-grees which have been co-fer-red up-on him, it runs over on the next page.

His voice has oft-ten been raised in ad-vo-cacy of the plan to turn our bat-tle-ships in-to ex-cu-sion boats and dis-arm the army.

Hum-dreds of Chau-tau-qua au-di-ences have list-ened to his lect-ure on "Pan-at-Ay-Price!"

Then why is he purchas-ing guns, howitzers, revol-vers, am-mu-ni-tion a other ap-pur-ten-ances to slau-gh-ter?

He is one of the 4,379 col-lege pro-fes-sors who have been in-vit-ed to ac-com-pany Pres-i-dent Roosevelt on a mas-sa-cra of wild game in Af-ri-ca. Who in-vit-ed them?

Even-tual-ly it will be put up to Loeb.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland.

Every man believes, with Lincoln, that you shouldn't fool the people all the time; but somehow it never occurs to him to class his wife as "people."

When a man actually proposes nowadays, his words should be taken down by a stenographer and placed in the Metropolitan Museum among the other curiosities.

Perhaps the reason a man's heart doesn't wither like a woman's is that he spends so much time preserving it in alcohol.

There are times when every wife has a dark suspicion that when the Lord removed that rib from Adam, most of the soft part of his heart adhered to it. Don't hold a cat or a man too tight; neither of them ever could endure the feeling that he couldn't get away if he wanted to.

Somewhat "woman's sacred influence" is always so much stronger when has a good income to back it up with.

All men are equal—except in a bathing suit.

To be really disappointed in love it is necessary to have been married at once.

When a man begins to boast about the temptations he has resisted, writes another name upon his list—because a strong man doesn't even temptations.